

25 VOLUMES OF BOOKS
will reward the careful
advertiser reporting most answers
to a week-day "Want." The
whole week is included. Report
BEFORE NEXT MONDAY.

The

EVENING EDITION

World.

I WANT THAT WATCH

I HAVE RECEIVED.....ANSWERS TO MY
"WANT" PUBLISHED SUNDAY, DEC. 26,
UNDER THE HEADING OF.....
NAME.....
ADDRESS.....

PRICE ONE CENT.

NEW YORK, MONDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1892.

PRICE ONE CENT.



DISTRIBUTING THE GIFTS FROM THE BABY RUTH TREE, GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

35,000 HAPPY CHILDREN.

"Evening World" Readers Give Them a Merry Christmas Indeed.

Seven Beautiful Trees Laden with Pretty and Useful Gifts.

Heart-Warming Scenes at the Christmas Parties in New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City.

A Merry Christmas? There never was a merrier. One whole day for feasting, and then another whole day for giving and receiving gifts, and for celebrating the day as it ought to be celebrated—in making those about one happy, and thus necessarily making one's self full of joy. What conditions could be better for a merry Christmas?

The children's holiday is being celebrated to the fullest by saint, by sinner and by sage, from the Battery to Yankee, and from Bergen Heights to Jamaica Bay. That is to say, when The Evening World's special halfweek. Perhaps children are celebrating just as bravely in the world beyond these

glorious road of happiness. It has been the still small voice of conscience to some people who have to recognize the true path; it has been a bright herald of the gladness Christmas time of the thousands who found out the way to happiness long ago, and to-day it is the chronicle of the happiness attained by its thousands of generous readers through the simple process of making glad other thousands of the children of men.

What Our Readers Have Done. Let us do a little ciphering: The Evening World's Christmas-Tree Fund reaches the total of \$2,500 in round numbers. It came in donations of from one cent clipped into

hearted dealer who contributed them to the splendid object. There was perhaps \$1,500 worth of goods at wholesale prices, and it probably represented not less than 1,500 gifts. That's \$2,500 worth of Christmas, at whole-sale prices, for the bairns of poverty. The children you see in the streets, struggling to keep warm with only half driers in their stomachs, only half enough clothing on, and only half enough thickness to that; the children whose eyes gaze hungrily at the armful of toys you are taking home to your own little ones and make your conscience prick as you reflect how much you are lavishing on your own, while this babe of the tenement shivers in body, shivers in mind, shivers in heart and shivers in soul.

Christmas as a Holiday. "Wah!" said Herr Johann Most, the Apostle of Discontent. "What is Christmas? It is a time when the poor man takes a holiday and has to pay for it; a day when those who have too much give to others that have too much, while those that have too little are made to feel that they have nothing at all." And The Evening World reminded you of the hollow-cheeked, white-faced and roeked little tatterdemalion from Poverty Gap, how hard he tried to stare himself into possession of a tithe of the armful of gimcracks you were taking home, and with a tear for poor, tattered Tom in your heart, you sent your share toward a Christmas for him and his little brothers and sisters and cousins in the miserable, dirty, ill-smelling, top floor-back tenement—all children of men just like your own more favored ones at home.

Why, Generous Contributor, you helped to buy 10,000 pairs of warm mittens, 12,000 dolls that cry when you squeeze them; 5,000 dozens of long stockings, and nearly ten tons of candy!

So you found the true road to happiness unalloyed. Seven beautiful Christmas trees received, each laden with its share of the \$2,500 worth of gifts, reminders of the glorious children's holiday and tokens of love that go on from gentle hearts even to these creatures, too abjectly poor and mean to be able to make themselves attractive.

How the Gifts Were Bought. Now, \$2,500, judiciously expended by the worst old skunk that ever went hunting for bargains, buys a lot of Christmas joy at

wholesale! The man who buys the toys and apples, boxes of water color paints, jumping-jacks, Noah's arks, Swiss cottages, riding whips, rocking horses, tricycles, A B C blocks, bright picture books and what not till you couldn't see.

The Evening World Santa Claus at 96 Fifth Avenue has been hard at work for the past three weeks day and evening and far into the night, assisted by a bevy of lovely women, led by Miss Marguerite St. John, Mrs. Shannon, Miss Whittle Shannon, Mrs. Laura A. Whiting, Mrs. J. S. Miller and Miss Miller, Mrs. Hammerstein and Mrs. Percy West.

These same good women, with many others, and their husbands, brothers, sons and sweethearts decorated the seven trees last night, and were up betimes this morning distributing with tired hands but overflowing hearts, the bounty provided by The Evening World's readers for the 35,000 little ones who came singly, in pairs and in groups from their squallid homes to find out whether there really was a Santa Claus and whether "Merry Christmas" was for them or only for the rich who had "Merry Christmas" 365 days in the year.

The trees took root at the Grand Opera House, Niblo's Theatre, Grand Central Hall, in East Thirtieth street; Central Turn Verein Hall, 215 East sixty-seventh street, and Harlem Opera House Hall, in New York, in Brooklyn there was but one tree. It was at Clermont Avenue Park, while the Jersey City tree was at the office of the Overseer of the Poor, 14 Bright street.

The trees were noble aromatic pines, each 15 feet high, given by Florist J. Austin Shaw, of Brooklyn, and 1788 Broadway, New York, who has established the annual custom of furnishing The Evening World's Christmas trees.

The Baby Ruth Tree. Its Bountiful Fruit Distributed at the Grand Opera House. The Evening World Christmas-trees were as heavily laden as they could be made, but the children who received the gifts were not the only ones to be benefited. The trees were laden with many useful and beautiful gifts, and the children who received them were not the only ones to be benefited.

"Baby Ruth" tree, named after little Miss Ruth Cleveland by some of that young lady's staunch admirers, has attracted more attention than others because it was sprouted two weeks ago, temporarily, in the window of the headquarters of The Evening World Santa Claus, Fifteenth street and Fifth Avenue, where it was displayed by day and sparkled with a hundred electric lights by night, to the joy and wonderment of thousands of little boys and girls and to many "children of a larger growth."

ing, and at 8.30 the iron gates were thrown open to the rushing, hustling, hurrying, eager throng of youngsters, for each of whom these steadfast women and gentle-hearted girls had a kindly smile and an encouraging word of sympathy as they handed out to the little ones the gifts provided for them.

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